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We are urging every student who works to save a part of his earnings. A little deposited each week in a savings account will grow into a sizable sum by the time you finish High School or College. It will really be something then - when you need it most.

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**BERKSHIRE  
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**PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS**

## The Student's Pen

DECEMBER 1949





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# MERRY

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# CHRISTMAS



## From the EDITOR'S DESK

### Let's Spread That Christmas Spirit

By Faith Whiting, '50

CHRISTMAS is again near at hand, and we should think for a moment of the meaning of this annual celebration. Its real significance is religious, a festival kept with reverence by people of many faiths; but, it is also a time of jollity and happiness for young and old alike.

Early in November we begin to see signs of the approaching holidays. Advertisements appear in the newspapers, and stores are decorated with Santa Clauses and gay lights. Soon wreaths are hung in doorways and windows, and vacant lots are filled with spruce and balsam trees for sale. Even Pittsfield High has its tree in the lobby, decorated with tinsel and silver balls, and a shining star atop. The Christmas spirit is in the air! Everyone's thoughts are turned toward the coming holidays.

Yet in all this rush and hurry to get all in readiness, are we forgetting the real meaning of Christmas—its spiritual significance? How well we know the story of the Child, the guiding star, and wise men bringing gifts and reverence to the Babe in the manger. This is the fundamental of all Christian faiths, and has for many years inspired the true cele-

bration of Christmas by people the world over.

It often seems that Christmas has become too commercialized, too much a shopping season, too much a time for material things. Yet everyone can find a place in his heart for its true spirit. Remember, an inspiring word or helping hand in time of need—the gift that comes from the heart—is the one that is treasured and remembered. Love and kindness and happiness one person can give to another. These are the real objectives of our Christmas festivities, and these are the things we should keep in mind during the coming weeks.

Christmas is set aside from the rest of the year as a time of giving and goodwill and fellowship among men. We high school students are no doubt in the happiest years of our lives. Our outlook on life is gay and carefree. We are at the stage when it is easiest to create and spread this feeling of kindness and goodwill to others. So, this Christmas, let's exert ourselves just a little bit more than usual to make sure every one shares with us that feeling of "good will towards men".



## On Snowmen

By Peter Rosenfeld, '53



SINCE it is winter, the season described by Mr. Webster as "... the coldest season of the year; hence, cold weather...", it seems fitting that the author write of something pertaining to this. And what subject could be more appropriate and welcome than the delicate art of erecting snowmen?

First of all, it must be pointed out that interest in this art can be traced back to the original inspiration—the untimely death of Igor Schussgowics, a Polish lad, in 1794. As the story goes, fantastic as it may seem, poor nine-year-old Igor, an orphan, died of starvation on a winter's eve in November, on a lofty hill overlooking the Polish city of Tantiish, although it is not known why and how he happened to be at that particular spot when found dead. It is believed that during the night, because of a severe blizzard, the corpse started to roll slowly down the hill; and as it progressed, it gathered more and more snow, until, at the bottom of the hill it hit a tree and by some freak of nature, shifted into an upright position, and froze thus. So poor Igor was found the next morning—with

the questionable honor of being the first snowman.

To get down to the fine points of this art and the ingredients necessary, I submit the following recipe:

- 1 winter (snow included, naturally)
- 1 pair of able hands, clad in mittens
- 2 pieces of charcoal
- 1 old cap
- 1 cane (and not the candy variety)
- (N.B. Add hill, if available).

After assembling your ingredients, begin the task by making a large snowball, putting it on the ground at the top of the hill, and giving it a hefty push to the bottom of the hill. Now place yourself three-quarters of the way up the hill, mold a snowball, and push again. Repeat this performance once again, this time one-half way up the hill, and you are ready for the actual building.

Now exercise the muscles a little and heave snowball number two onto snowball number one. Then put snowball number three upon snowball number two. If you have followed the instructions accurately, your formation should at this point slightly resemble a snowman. Now add the final touches by putting two pieces of charcoal somewhere in the vicinity of the middle of snowball number three, lean the cane upon snowball number two, adorn the structure with the old cap, and you have a reasonable facsimile of what is known, the world over, as a snowman.

Indeed, some of my enterprising young friends have made a nice sum from this jolly fellow, by selling him to the iceman after the fun of viewing him has worn off.

Still another way of getting a little "do-re-me" is to place the fellow near a street lamp some evening, adjust his hat in such a way as to suggest a beggar asking for a dime for a cup of coffee, and you'll have a tidy little sum come morning.

## The Real Santa Claus

By Betty Frisch, '52

IT was the Tuesday before Christmas. Jamie Hunter had hurried home from kindergarten. He had not loitered on the way, not even for a second, because today was a very special day. Today he was going to see Santa Claus, who had just arrived on the fourth floor of Donovan's Department Store with his reindeer and bag full of toys.

Mommie had promised to take him, and now he raced up to his room and changed into his best clothes. Jamie didn't want Santa to see him all dirty and tousled, for then Santa might think he was a bad boy.

Presently he heard his mother's voice from downstairs calling, "Jamie, time to go."

"Comin', Mommie," he yelled as he fairly flew down the stairs.

Arriving at the store, Jamie's mother gave him a quarter. He marched up to the ticket booth and, in his most grown-up voice piped, "One ticket, please."

With eyes shining and face alight, he marched into Santa's house. There was Santa just as real as life sitting on his throne, surrounded by dozens of toys and games of every shape and size. Jamie was enthralled. Santa, whom he had dreamed of for months was right here before him. Jamie could scarcely speak, he was so excited.

Then Santa lifted Jamie into his lap and asked in a big, booming voice, "What's your name, little boy?"

"Jamie, Santa."

"Well, well, Jamie, what would you like for Christmas?"

"A choo-choo-train, and a cowboy suit, and a pair of roller skates, and a puppy, and..." Now the words came tumbling out so fast that even Jamie blinked.

"Well, that's a pretty big order for a little boy like you," said Santa, "but I'll see what I can do for you." Then he handed Jamie

a big box of Tiddley Winks. "Here's a little present for you now."

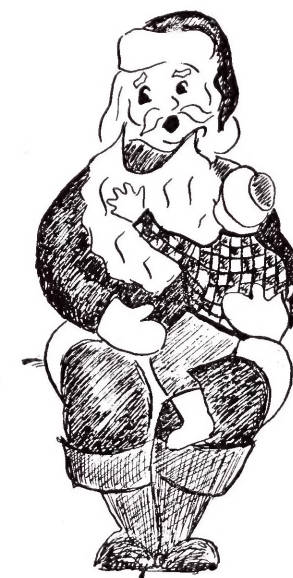
Jamie was so pleased he threw his arms around Santa and gave him a great big hug. When he took his arms away, to his surprise and horror, he found that Santa's whiskers were on the floor. Jamie let out a wail that brought the whole fourth floor to attention.

The floor-walker rushed into Santa Claus' house and emerged an instant later with Jamie in his arms, crying something about Santa's whiskers.

After depositing Jamie in his mother's arms, the floor-walker proceeded to tell the other children that everything was fine and that the little boy just had a stomach ache.

When Jamie had quieted down, his mother whispered something in his ear, and his face lighted up at once.

As they went down the stairs to the street floor, Jamie was happy again, for this time he was going to see the real Santa Claus... at Rand Brothers Department Store.





## Choosing Our Christmas Tree

By Delores Bernardo, '50

THE true Christmas spirit never really gets a good grip on our household until it's time for the family to make the annual excursion to some nearby lot where Christmas trees are being sold.

To be sure, for a whole week now, signs of Christmas have definitely been present. All sizes and shapes of packages have been smuggled into the house, and heavenly smells have been emerging from the kitchen. The traditional fruit cake has been made, and now rows of cookies, straight as toy soldiers, are patiently awaiting their turn in the oven. In our home, however, Christmas does not officially begin until Dad announces that it is time to go and select a Christmas tree. Everyone in the family goes to help select the tree for we must all have some say as to the size and shape of the evergreen that will adorn our living room until January second.

When we finally reach the lot that was vacant a few days before, we find ourselves with hundreds of trees from which to choose, and then the task of deciding begins. Dad wants a little tree—so he won't have to cut the top off to get it into the house, but Mother and I, along with three little sisters, insist on having a big one that scrapes the ceiling! Finally we compromise and decide to get a middle-sized one that almost reaches the ceiling! Now, however, we have another decision to make. This lot has two kinds of evergreen to choose from, balsam and spruce. Mother thinks the spruce would be best to get because the dark green needles would be a perfect match for the new floor rug. Just then Dad and I remember the year, not so long ago, that we had a spruce tree and how we had to take it down the day after Christmas because it had shed so! Dad insists that we must not be caught in this same predicament this year so we decide on balsam.

After some slight difficulty in finding a tree that is well shaped, with not too many branches, and not too few, our tree is selected and we are ready to take our turns at carrying it home. And what a beauty it is! See how tall and straight it stands, every branch gently curving upward just so. And can you smell that tangy pine odor? It kind of makes us wish that we could keep a Christmas tree in the house every day of the year.

When our tree is decorated with silvery icicles of tinsel and rows of glittering bulbs, we add as the final touch, the tattered silver star that has been in our family for so many years. As the house lights are dimmed and our tree with its many colored lights makes the room radiant, we know that at last we have found the real Christmas spirit.

Wouldn't it be marvelous if even after the Christmas tree is discarded, some of that wonderful Christmas spirit would remain throughout the year? What a grand world this would be!!

### CHRISTMAS SCENE

By Kathleen Keegan, '51

Outside our windows the carolers sing.

With cheer and best wishes their sweet voices ring.

Wreaths in the windows, bells on the walls,  
And a beautiful tree that is graceful and tall.  
Mother's made popcorn and dipped it in red;  
Sister's helped string it with needle and thread.

Under the tree there are all sorts of toys—  
Dolls for the girls, and trains for the boys.  
A lot of strange bundles (some big and some small)

Are there 'neath the tree. There are presents for all!

Christmas is joyous, with candles and cheer—  
The happiest, merriest day of the year!

## Snowdrifts

By Theresa Malumphy, '50

MANY people view the coming of winter with fear. They see only the drab, dreary, uncomfortable side of the snow picture. They feel that when the snowdrifts are piled high and packed hard by God's breath, nature is shut away from them by an immense blanket. How they execrate this "white stuff" when they awaken to find their driveways impassable, and the main streets and roads more slippery than a pair of skis with a fresh coat of ski wax.

But there are others (and I among them) who regard the snow with a somewhat religious awe. To us it brings an incomparable time of beauty and delight.

As the first snow begins to fall, we think of it fancifully as tons of God's white confetti which he scatters in moments of spiritual joy when His angels score a sort of befeathered, celestial touchdown. When this "confetti" finally reaches the ground, it forms snowdrifts almost like a chemical equation.

Snow + wind = snowdrifts.

We see the snow drifted wave upon wave, an impressive example of God's fingerpainting. Some of these waves seem like huge crashing breakers; others, small, quiet ripples; all glisten in the sunlight as though sprinkled with diamonds.

These snowdrifts have another virtue besides beauty; they are the basis of practically all winter sports, which, in turn, mean many happy, ecstatic moments.

We regard the snow and its drifts as a rapid, exciting, and extremely thrilling mode of transportation,—the exhilarating sport of skiing. At breakneck speed, we zoom down a hill, disrupting the exquisite handiwork of Our Creator. In our futile way we leave our stem turns, looped turns, and herringbones as our marks, which seem to deface the perfection of the Divine Artist's creation.

As we leave the ski slopes at dusk, these snowdrifts take on an ineffable splendor. It is as though a giant hand had magically erased our useless "doodling", and the pristine beauty is restored and enhanced. The hillsides are wrapped in the glow of the sunset; an exquisite pinkish-white shawl of beauty enfolds the countryside while it is at rest.



### THE CHRISTMAS STORY

By Marilyn Case, '53

Long, long ago  
Upon a Christmas morn  
In the town of Bethlehem  
Jesus Christ was born.

The lovely angel messengers  
Spread far and wide the story  
That beneath a glistening star  
Lay the Prince of Peace and Glory.

The wise men came from a distant land  
To worship the newborn Boy,  
And the happy shepherds showed their love.  
Great was the country's joy.





## The Cashmere Sweater

By Mary Breslin, '53

I COCKED my head to one side, appraising the gaily bedecked package. The perky bow stood up bravely under Janie's skillful fingers, while for me it had only resembled a sad petunia on a hot July day. Sometimes older sisters come in handy—sometimes, that is.

"Uh-huh, that's much better, thanks," I told her gratefully.

"Perfectly all right, dear," she answered, as her fingers strayed over the package, straightening a ribbon here, and creasing a fold there. "You made a good choice. Tell me, where did you get the 'folding stuff'?"

"Do you really like it?" I asked hopefully. "I was absolutely stuck, 'til I found this. For Stewie it had to be something special," I could feel myself blush as I said this. "I

thought that this sweater was just perfect." A dark green, Stewie's favorite color, with wool so soft it felt like velvet to touch. He was wearing an old one now, ragged beyond description, with both of his elbows protruding, and gaping holes in more than one spot. The original color was long since a mystery, but try as she might his mother couldn't persuade him to part with it. If he liked my present as much as I thought he would, that old rag would soon be a thing of the past. Stewie was like that—once he took a fancy to a thing it took almost superhuman powers to rid him of it. I was one of those obsessions, I thought proudly.

"Well," Janie interrupted my train of thoughts, "If Stewart doesn't like it, there's something wrong with his taste. But you

still haven't told me how you managed to pay for it. I thought you were down to rock bottom."

"Oh! Oh, yes. It was rather expensive for me—six dollars and a half—but he always spends quite a bit on me, and I just had to get it, so I told Mrs. Donnelly I'd sit with dear little Kerry tonight, but since it was Christmas eve, I would charge five dollars. She was so desperate for a sitter that she accepted, and paid in advance. I hope it's worth it." I sighed for Kerry was a notorious brat.

Janie's roving hand paused in mid-air. "Tonight! On Christmas eve! Oh, you poor kid!" For once she sympathized—by experience. "That brat, Kerry!" she said savagely as memories of past experiences with him came rushing back. "I wouldn't sit with him for love or money." Then she laughed and teased, "But in your case it's both, so perhaps that would make the difference."

It wasn't so funny, though, when I had to tell Stewie I was all booked up for the night. He accepted the fact with a rather unsuccessful attempt to disguise his disappointment. Poor Stewie! If he only knew *why* I was doing it. We exchanged presents and parted a bit sorrowfully, both of us picturing a rather bleak evening ahead of us.

As I stood on the Donnelly doorstep I could hear the faint chimes of the doorbell echoing behind the walls that were the dividing line between a peaceful world and a hectic madhouse. I sighed deeply, and for the fifty-third time wondered if this trip was really necessary. But it was too late to back out now. Quick footsteps in the hall, a quick hand wrenching the door open, and there stood an anxious Mr. Donnelly. He clutched my arm as if to make certain I was really there.

"Abby, am I glad to see you!" was his hearty greeting. He pulled me inside, closed the door, and hurried me into the living room. His pleasure at seeing me was evident. Poor

man! He was young and handsome, but aging quickly under the strain of his unruly son.

Mrs. Donnelly came sailing into the room at this moment, resplendent in a shimmering blue gown. "Abby, darling!" she cooed. Chattering on, she told me to be sure to get Kerry in bed on time, and would I please keep him amused, (both impossible things; Kerry provided his own rules and amusements) and there was plenty in the icebox if I was hungry, and after Kerry was in bed I could do as I pleased, as long as I didn't disturb him, he was a very light sleeper, etc., finishing up with, "Now I'm sure you won't have any trouble, Abby. Bye-bye." Sailing out the door together they seemed like a very good-looking young couple in college, bound for a fraternity party. Who would ever suppose they were leaving behind them such an unruly, misbehaved little son?

With a sigh of resignation, I doffed my coat, and headed in the direction from where I could hear Kerry, enjoying his evening romp. He was tramping about in the basement playroom, unaware of me watching him silently from the doorway. Clad in something resembling an Indian outfit, with his trusty six-guns strapped to his sides, and a bow clutched firmly in one fist, he prowled about, knocking over anything which lay in his path. Then suddenly he spied me.

"Ha!" and before I could make a move to protect myself, I heard a dull thud, and felt a tickling sensation on my forehead. Reaching up, my hand came into contact with some long affair extending out from my head. After a considerable struggle I yanked it off, with a suddenness that knocked me off my balance. The cause of my difficulty proved to be an arrow, equipped with a suction cup at one end. Looking up reproachfully, I beheld our little Daniel Boone watching me, with a delighted snicker spread over his countenance. Suddenly realizing I was free, he sprang into action.

I submitted meekly to my captor—few



people realize the strength of a husky seven-year-old boy. I sincerely hoped that acting as a willing victim would discourage his ambitions, but it appeared that all he wanted was a victim, dead or alive. Clearly this was a case of Brain vs. Brawn.

It took a good half hour for Brain to invent any way out, however, and meanwhile the battle was proceeding absolutely one-sidedly. Then inspiration knocked; and was only too welcome.

"Kerry dear, aren't there any radio programs on tonight? I think it's time for them," I told him sweetly. Kerry was an avid radio fan. He surveyed me narrowly for a moment, and my heart sank. I was certain I had said the wrong thing. Then he turned, and galloped up the stairs, leaving me to break my bonds, gather my wits, and chase after him. There was no immediate danger, though, for I found him curled up placidly in front of the radio, following the hazardous trail of the "Black Bandit."

After a session of conspiracy with the "Black Bandit", we heard a selection from "Two-gun Joe". I was revelling in this unaccustomed peace, hoping this radio business would go on indefinitely. But alas, the program following was a Santa Claus fable, as befitting Christmas Eve. With an angry frown, Kerry silenced the announcer with a flick of his fingers.

"I don't believe in Santa Claus," he stated scornfully in the way of explanation.

Seeing a chance for a momentary postponement of further rough-housing, I inquired in an innocently shocked tone, "Don't believe in Santa Claus! Why!"

With a patient smile Kerry explained. "Do you? I haven't, not since I was six," he said, with the worldly-wise air of a seven-year-old. "It's really your father that does it, you know."

"Really?" I asked incredulously. "No. I don't believe it!" Then, for the second time that evening, inspiration, in its purest form, struck. "Why don't you hang up your

stocking, just to find out? If he *does* fill it when you're asleep, I win, but if he doesn't, you'll win. Is it a deal?"

He was looking me up and down contemptuously, trying to faze me, I suspected, so I added hastily, "I'm sure he'll come."

That did it. By all means, he must not destroy my precious faith in Santa (or so I thought). With a patronizing, fatherly air, he agreed to it.

We tramped through the house, searching for a suitable stocking. That is, I tramped, and he followed me quietly, with a peculiar smile playing about his lips. I felt rather foolish as I tacked the stocking to the mantlepiece. Turning toward him, I called gaily, "Now, isn't that nice?"

"Fine," he replied coldly, and slid into a chair.

"Then, Sir, to bed with you!" No response. I repeated my gay little invitation.

"Oh, no!" he said determinedly, folding his arms and his lips tightly. "I'm going to wait up and see him."

My heart sank like a lead weight. I might have expected something like this from him. "But he won't come unless you go to bed!" I pleaded. Again no response, except the slight elevation of one eyebrow. With a sigh, acknowledging my defeat, I sank into a chair, too. Might as well sit it out—that was one way to keep him quiet.

A half hour later the clock chimed out a quarter to ten. The deathly silence in the room was beginning to unnerve me, but Kerry had not lifted his eyes from the scuffed tips of his shoes once during that interval. I was about to admit defeat, and wrestle him to bed—if possible—but it was so peaceful and quiet that I postponed it. Just as I had begun to doze, I was awakened by a slight disturbance on the roof. My first thought was Santa Claus. But how absurd! It was probably Stewie trying to play a practical joke. Kerry had dashed over to the fireplace and was peering up the chimney.

"Kerry don't be so sil—" I began, but I was interrupted by Kerry's shout. "Here he comes!" Kerry bounded back from the fireplace to make way, his eyes flashing with excitement, and before my very eyes a miracle took place. Down the chimney something slid. First a gleaming black boot, then a bit of red—no! It couldn't be! But it was. There before me stood the benevolent old gentleman himself.

His suit was immaculate, despite his descent down the grimy chimney. Somehow the poem "The Night Before Christmas" had captured his spirit beautifully—his round jolly face, his equally round and jolly tummy, his snowy beard—it all made you want to laugh and make merry. I must have stared rather hard at him for he looked at me and laughed. His tummy, his cheeks, his round red nose—they all seemed to join in the gayety. Before we knew it he had us engaged in an animated conversation. I had never realized what fun he was to be with. We joked, and laughed, and he gave Kerry a piece of his special candy. All too soon he sighed, and declared he must be about his business. With another kind word or two he bade us goodbye. And then he was gone. A few sounds on the roof and silence again filled the room.

I shook my head and looked at Kerry. He was staring transfixed at the spot where Santa had been standing just a minute before. If it had been a dream then he had shared it with me.

As we stood there silent the clock chimed the hour. Ten o'clock. Kerry turned and moved as if in a trance to the stairs. At the foot he stopped. "You won't speak of this to anyone else?" he faltered. I nodded, "No". He went up a few steps then paused. "Goodnight, Abby" he called and continued his way up. I heard him get ready for bed, and when all was still I lay down on the couch to sleep myself.

Then the Donnellys returned, and found Kerry sleeping peacefully in bed, they were

astounded. They thanked me again and again, and then Mr. Donnelly drove me home.

The next day I was still musing about the strange occurrence of last night, when I heard a shout outside the window. There was Stewie bounding up the walk, gesturing proudly at his new green sweater. I laughed softly to myself; I had completely forgotten about the precious sweater.



## CHRISTMAS SCENES

By Delores Bernardo, '50

Snowflakes drifting lazily upon a sleepy town,  
Each a tiny jewel pattern, soft as down.

Little children fast asleep in beds as warm as  
toast,  
In dreams they're telling Santa what they  
like the most.

Young folk trudge from door to door, singing  
carols gay,  
Chanting praises of the Lord, whose birth  
was Christmas Day.

The Yule Log burns upon the hearth, a  
radiant sight,  
Candles in the windows outshine the night.

Faces round the Christmas tree, gaze with  
wondrous awe,  
At the silver star on top, 'twas what the  
shepherds saw.

Packages so bright and gay, nestled 'neath the  
tree,  
See how this one shakes, my, what can it be?

All these scenes mean Christmas once again  
is here,  
Here today, gone the next, until another  
year.



## That First Date

By Kathleen Keegan, '51



REMEMBER way back—oh, about six months ago—remember that fateful night? You were struggling along with your Latin homework, trying to figure it out, but all that you could think of was Dougie! Suddenly the phone rang—and it was Dougie! You were in a daze, but you did know that he had asked to take you to the team dance on next Saturday night!

You tried to be ever so casual about it, as though the first date with your dream boy meant absolutely nothing, really! But Mary, Betty, and Alice knew just how you felt; and when they started to turn you into a glamour girl, it was murrrrrder! But fun—!

You took your time getting dressed, having spent the entire week deciding what to wear. No matter how you fixed your hair, devastating, mysterious, dangerous, natural, fluffy, super-sophisticated, or upsweep, you didn't like it. Then, too, all day Mother kept after you to eat—remember? It seemed that time stood still until the doorbell rang.

Of course, you just happened to be looking out of the window when Dougie came. You noticed the clean look of him—so neat, well-groomed, masculine, and sort of rugged. Such a serious expression, too. Maybe you

didn't know that Dougie was just as nervous, if not more, as you were!

All the way to the dance you were tongue-tied. And after you got there, you had to powder your nose right away. Not that it needed it, of course, but anything to get away and stop those butterflies from flopping around in your stomach. But then the music started, and you and Dougie were right on the beam! How you danced! Who are Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth anyway?

Before you knew it, it was "Goodnight Ladies" and everybody scooted into the Sugar Bowl for a soda before heading home. Dougie hinted about another date. You almost choked on your straw, but explained it simply by saying, "Something caught in my throat." You didn't want Dougie to know how thrilled you were that he should even hint! The only thing wrong with the evening was that it ended too soon—!

But then, that was six months ago. Better hurry!!! Dougie doesn't like to be kept waiting, you know, even though you are his steady girl.

## PRAYER OF CHRISTMAS

By Kathleen Keegan, '51

Centuries ago and countries away,  
There once the baby Jesus lay  
In a manger—Holy Child,  
Kind and loving, pure and mild.  
Heavenly Father, help me to  
Do the things that He would do.

## CHRISTMAS WISH

By Kathleen Keegan, '51

I wish I were a playful cloud  
Floating on the breeze,  
Sprinkling sparkling snowflakes  
Upon the Christmas trees.



Betty Kreiger, a senior at the University of Massachusetts, is the managing editor of the college paper, "The Massachusetts Collegian". On her staff, working as copy editor, is another P. H. S. graduate, Paul Perry.

Nancy Knoblock, '49, has been chosen a freshman cheerleader at the University of Rochester.

Mitzi Eberwein, '49, has been enrolled for a year's course in clothing construction at the Traphagen School of Fashion in New York.

Donald Morey has begun his freshman year at the University of Massachusetts. A 1944 graduate of Pittsfield High, he spent three years overseas in Germany and France.

Once again Uncle Sam has added one more member to his large family. James "Chunky" Danford, '49, tackle on the P. H. S. football team for three years, has enlisted in the Army and is stationed at Fort Dix, New Jersey.

Joan Kaufman has been elected legislative council representative of her residence house on the Russell Sage College campus. Joan, a member of the senior class, is majoring in sociology.

Elaine Theboda, captain of last year's varsity cheerleaders, is now secretary and bookkeeper at the Girls' League.

George Maynard, '48, has begun his second year at Norwich University, Northfield, Vermont.

Also up in Vermont at the University of Vermont are Mary Bonneville, Editor-in-Chief of THE STUDENT'S PEN in '49, Anne Bossidy, vice-president of the Class of 1949, and Kathleen Whiting.

Richard Somerville, '49, has enlisted in the Army Air Force for four years and was sent to Lackland Air Base, San Antonio, Texas, for his basic training.

Robert Brennan, quarterback on last year's football team, is continuing his education at Berkshire Prep. "Bob" has seen some action as quarterback for the Berkshire football team.

Cadet James A. Ross, Jr. has been appointed platoon sergeant in the United States Corps of Cadets. Ross, a first classman or senior at the United States Military Academy, has been appointed to this position because of his high class standing in military efficiency and aptitude for the service.

Joseph Blouin, '48, is taking a course in radio at Boston University. With Joe at B. U. is Merle Wynn, '49. Merle plays in both the band and orchestra.

Bob Boland, '44, former art editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN, designed the scenery used in the production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream", which was presented at the University of Massachusetts on December seventh.

Joan Martin, '49, has enrolled in Lasell Junior College, Auburndale.





## "DODO"



The smiling lass at the left is Delores Bernardo, School Notes Editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN. Delores is a member of the Senior Class Council, a homeroom representative, and President of Delta Tri-Hi-Y.

"Dodo's" favorite pastime is eating. French fries and scallops are just tops with her. "Dodo's" ambition? To get up from the table hungry.

## AERIAL ARTIST



This sharp shooter is none other than Tony Ferdyn, Pittsfield High's ace football passer. Although we connect Tony principally with that sport, he also takes part in basketball and baseball, the latter being his favorite.

After graduation he hopes to play pro baseball. See you on third base in the major leagues, Tony!!!

## "MISS HINSDALE"



Setting the pace for our Senior Class play is this charming little miss whom we all know as Margery Lyman, a resident of "Hinsdale"! Besides being co-chairman of the play, she is also active on the Student Council, and serves as a home room representative. Margie enjoys "football" most of all, and when asked why—she just blushes furiously! (Wonder why?)

## STUDENT COUNCIL PRESIDENT



Here we have James Thompson, the amiable senior who was recently elected President of the Student Council. The activity which Jim likes most, of course, is football, and he really played an important part on the team this year.

Jim's pastimes are hunting and calling for square dances. When asked about his favorite food, he said, "Just give me a lot of potatoes and a big steak covered with onions." His pet peeve is having to wear a necktie, and his ambition is to get married! He would like to join the Navy or become a state trooper after graduation. Good luck, Jim!

## CONCERT MASTER



Here's a boy everyone should know. You've seen him time and again playing the trumpet in the band. Not only does Jimmy play the trumpet well, but this junior is also our band's concert master. His favorite music is symphony and jazz. He likes all sports and is especially fond of driving and dancing.

## "EDIE"



Does she look familiar? Her name is Edith Butler and you may have seen her at every football game this past season. "Edie" never misses a P. H. S. game. She's Short Stories Editor for THE PEN, a member of Alpha Tri-Hi-Y, and a Senior Homeroom Treasurer. "Edie" has pretty bright red hair but detests being called "Red". Her likes include all kinds of food, and Latin with Miss Rhodes. "Edie" plans to enter the University of Massachusetts P. H. S.'s loss will be U. M.'s gain!

## PLAY CO-CHAIRMAN



If you don't already know this senior, meet "Dick" Holeran. Dick has recently been elected co-chairman of the Senior Class play, a task for which we know he is capable. Although Dick is very congenial, he does not like "giggling girls". Besides being a better than average golf player, Dick likes basketball and dancing. His favorite foods are French-fried potatoes and turkey. He hopes to be a chemical engineer, and although his choice of college is not definite, we know that Dick will succeed.

## "JO"



"Being treasurer of the senior class is enough work to keep anyone pretty busy," says Joanne Skowron, who was elected to that office this fall. Being treasurer doesn't take up all her time, for she is vice president of Zeta-Tri-Hi-Y. Her favorite pastime is dancing and she enjoys sports both as a participant and as a spectator. Joanne likes all food, but her favorite dish is chocolate cake.



# CAREER CORNER



"We get so soon old—und yet so late schmart." Upon entering the office of Mr. Dwight E. Jones, one's eyes are attracted to a card on the wall bearing these words. Mr. Jones, however, did not wait until he was old before he began to climb the ladder of success. Coming to Pittsfield from Otis to attend high school, Mr. Jones entered the employ of the E. D. Jones Company while still a freshman at Pittsfield High School. He worked there afternoons and during vacations. In 1923 he graduated from high school and worked for a year before entering Worcester Polytechnic Institute. His interests in school were, as they are now, along the scientific and mathematical lines. Always interested in the E. D. Jones Company, Mr. Jones continued to work there during summer vacations.

In 1928, after graduating from W. P. I., he became a full time employee and held the position of partial superintendent of the shop. He became assistant superintendent of the shop, purchasing agent, shop superintendent, acting chief engineer, and chief engineer in that order until now he is vice-president in charge of engineering and manufacturing.

Mr. Jones returned recently from a European business trip that took him to Paris, (where he had his headquarters), Versailles,

Rome, Milan, Venice, Berlin, London, Stockholm, and various parts of Switzerland.

Vitally interested in community matters, Mr. Jones is president of the Y.M.C.A., besides being a member of the board of directors there and at the Girls' League; and he holds various offices at the South Congregational Church.

He is married and has two daughters, Dorothy, a sixth grade student at Dawes School, and Emma, a 1947 PHS graduate who is at present a sophomore at Hood College.

The versatile Mr. Jones proved at the end of the interview that his primary interest is in the shop. He removed his jacket and started out to have a look around.

When he was asked for advice for future engineers, Mr. Jones modestly replied that he does not feel qualified to give advice because he believes that he has not done anything better than anyone else. In his quiet way, he stated that accomplishment in any field depends upon an active interest and the will to work.

## Scholarships

**DO YOU** need money? Almost everybody does, and the question may seem foolish. However, let's put it another way. If you had sufficient funds, would you be able to go to college or some other institution of higher learning? If the only thing that keeps you from attending college is money, why not start today to think about the various methods of getting money for college education? Practically all schools have scholarship awards of one kind or another; either an outright gift of money, or opportunities to work part time, or loans which will be granted to deserving students.

What is a deserving student? The majority of colleges list these essentials for the award of any type of financial assistance:

December, 1949

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1. The student must be in from the top half to the top quarter of his high school graduating class.
2. He must actually need the money in order to go to college. (Students who do not really need the money are sometimes awarded honorary scholarships in the event of financial difficulties).
3. Extra-curricular and extra school activities are also considered, since the colleges do not want merely bookworms. They want students who give promise of potential all-around leadership.

If you feel that you are eligible or that you can make yourself eligible, what should your next step be? Obviously, the next step is to find out what schools offer the types of scholarships which will be of help to you, bearing in mind that you should

select the college itself with due regard to what you want to do with your life, rather than to select a school because of sentimental reasons or because of admiration for one of the old grads of that school.

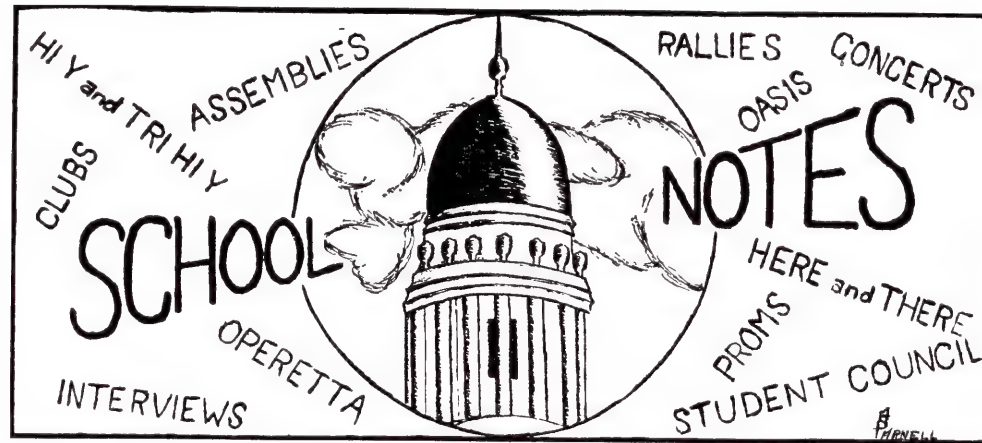
Where will you find scholarship information? All college catalogs contain information about scholarships. There are in the guidance office, and also in the high school library, catalogs of nearly 500 colleges. In addition to these, there are posted regularly on the main bulletin board opposite the high school office, as well as on the bulletin board near Room 233, special announcements of Scholarship offerings. Do you ever stop to read these? Additional specific information can be obtained from the principal, vice-principal, dean of girls, and

Continued on page 28

## COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS

Bates	\$2000	4 yrs.	Examination	March 1
Colgate University	100-1200	1 yr.	Character—your ability	March 15
Columbia University	2400-4800	4 yrs.	Ability	March 15
Manhattanville College	200-1500	1 yr.	Working for B.A. or B. of Music	Dec. 20
Rensselaer Polytechnical Institute	2400	4 yrs.	Achievement—need	Announced
Wellesley College	600-1000	1 yr.	Achievement—need	March 1
Harvard College	1600	1 yr.	Examination Scholastic record Extra-curricular	Dec. 10
Mass. Institute of Technology	1000	1 yr.	Examination	May 1
General Electric Co. loans			Sons and daughters of employees	April 1
Worcester Polytechnical Institute	Amount necessary	1 yr.	Achievement ability	Announced
Georgetown University	2000	1 yr.	Examination	Announced
Holy Cross	partial	1 yr.	Examination	March 1
Lowell Textile	500	1 yr.	Apply	Jan. 15
New Rochelle	100-500	1 yr.	Examination	Announced
Pembroke College	600	1 yr.	Achievement—need	March 1
Radcliffe College	600	1 yr.	Achievement—need	Feb. 20
St. Rose College	tuition	1 yr.	Examination	Announced
Tufts College	2400	5 yrs.	Examination	Feb. 1
Union College	700	1 yr.	Examination	March 1
Vassar College	500-1000	1 yr.	Ability—need	March 1





Delores Bernardo, Editor

Irma Bosma, Mary Callanan, Paula Coughlin, Louise Davis, Marcia Fink, Vanda Francese, Joan Gaudette, Betty Jaspar, Lorita Martinelli, Jane Phair, Joan Phair, James Renzi, Richard Shook, Marcia Viale.

## In Memoriam



WILLARD SHEPARDSON

Instructor  
of  
Cabinet Making

Pittsfield High School 1945-1949

### WILLARD SHEPARDSON

Quiet and unassuming, Willard Shepardson possessed above all an infinite patience which marked him as something more than an ordinary teacher. His sympathy and generosity gave both his pupils and those of us who worked with him a feeling of lasting friendship. Always cheerful, he never permitted the difficulties of his daily problems to dull his sense of humor. He has left to all of us an inspiring example to follow.

John F. Moran, Ass't. Supt. of Schools

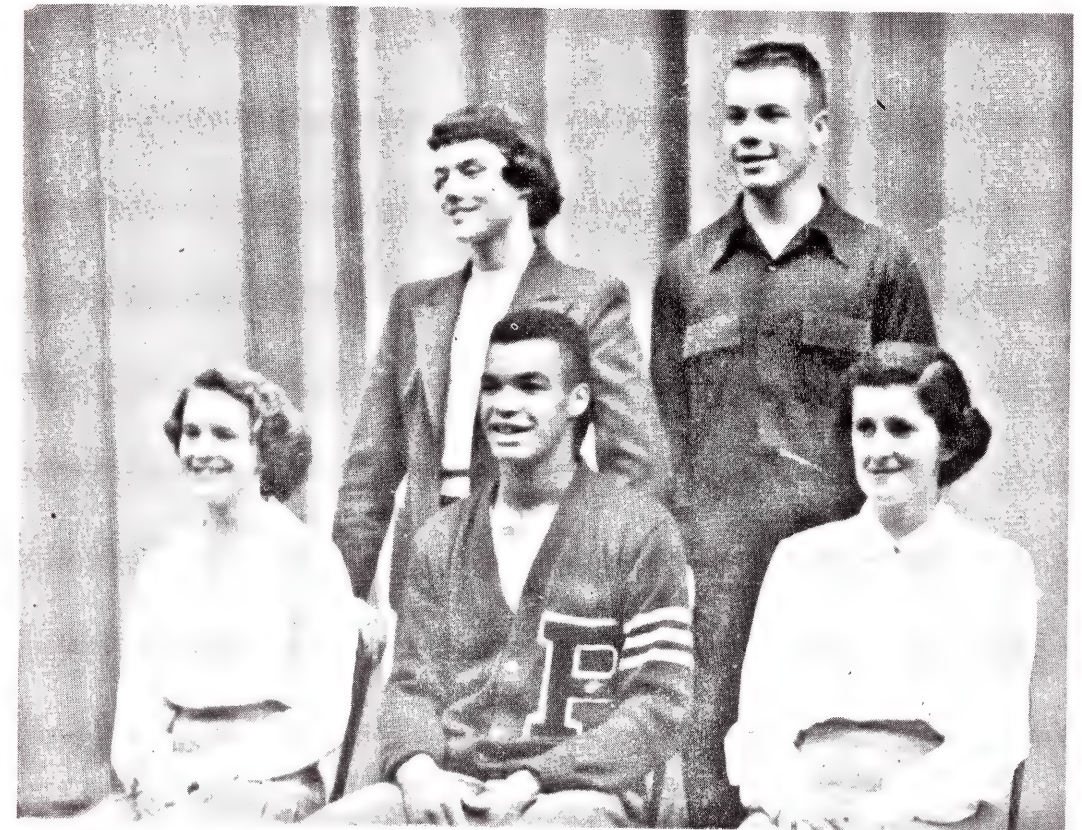
### IN MEMORY OF OUR INSTRUCTOR

Our cabinetmaking class keenly feels the loss of a fine personality and a beloved teacher. Although Mr. Shepardson was with us only three years, he has instilled upon our memories an everlasting influence on our future. We all are grateful that we were able to have such a person for our instructor. He was liked by everyone who knew him and he will be missed by all of us.

Joseph Miller, 1950

George Tower, 1950

Richard Cullen, 1950



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Standing: Diane Shuster, Girl Vice President; James Mazzer, Boy Vice President.

Seated: Jean Pruyne, Treasurer; Donald Morehead, President; Joanne Skowron, Secretary.

### SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Under the able supervision of Co-Chairmen Richard Valenti and Joan Rosa, the first class rings have been distributed among the Senior Class. The rings have met with approval, and many a proud senior can be seen flaunting his new, shiny treasure around the school. The second ring order has now been sent in and is expected to arrive in a short time.

This year, following a lapse of ten years, the Senior Class of P. H. S. will again present a play as its principal attraction. Under the direction of Co-chairmen Richard Holeran and Margery Lyman, and with the

capable coaching of Miss Elizabeth Enright, the production is now getting under way, and plans have been set for its premiere on February sixth.

The various committee heads who have been chosen by the chairmen are as follows: tickets, Richard Rosa and Loretta Dorgan; program, Marvin Bass and Margaret Guiltingan; stage, James McGuigan and Alfred Kirchner; publicity, Robert Roe and Helen Keefe; costume, Jane Blackwell and Sandra Swartz; ushers, Delores Bernardo and Lorita Martinelli; refreshments, Jean Driscoll and Eleanor Kirchner.



## STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTIONS

Returns from Student Council elections show a very promising group of officers: president, James Thompson; vice-president, James Garivaltis; secretary, Betty Jasper; and assistant-secretary, Joan Stumpek. Other members of the newly organized Student Council are as follows:—Seniors—Jean Cronin, Betsy Hynes, Margery Lyman, Rosemary Monterosso, Dianne Shuster, William Evans, John Kreiger, Joseph LaValle, Donald Morehead; juniors—Janet Hodecker, Ruth Ann Pharmer, Robert Reagan, Richard Snook; sophomores—Betty Budrow, Donald Adams, Charles Walker; and freshmen—Peter Rosenfeld,

## TRI-HY-Y ACTIVITIES

Each of the Tri-Hy-Y clubs has a full schedule. Besides their individual projects, they are also undertaking to send soap to Europe. CARE is sending abroad one bar of soap for every two Swan Soap wrappers collected by the clubs. Each of the clubs has also elected two representatives to send to the Council of Berkshire Hills District Tri-Hy-Y Clubs.

The Victory Dance, sponsored by Alpha, was one of the most successful ever held. Alpha is now planning a Christmas social and a party for under-privileged children. The girls are looking forward, as well, to a tour of the Telephone Company in the near future.

Two of the other clubs, Beta and Gamma, had as a Thanksgiving project the giving of food baskets to needy families. Beta is also buying Christmas presents for children from the Home for Little Wanderers. Another of their worthwhile projects was the Inch Dance, held December 9, with the proceeds going to the Overseas Fund.

Delta held a very successful food sale during November. The girls have initiated twenty-one new members into their club and

already are starting to talk of a Bunny Hop on Easter Monday.

For the Christmas season Zeta intends to repair broken toys to be given to the Berkshire Home for Crippled Children. Other events planned include a hayride for their twelve new members.

Sigma recently held a cake sale and on November 25 held a dance appropriately called the "Cinderella Frolic".

## TECHNICAL NEWS

During the past month, the seniors of the Technical course have received talks from representatives of various technical colleges, such as, Clarkson, Northeastern, and The Coast Guard Academy. The system each college uses in considering its applicants, the entrance requirements of each individual college, the cost of each, and the social opportunities were very thoroughly explained.

A visit to the University of Massachusetts was also arranged by Dr. Van Dusen. A group of twenty seniors made this visit. At the college they were guided through the various buildings. During their tour they saw many interesting things, including the miniature wind tunnel, the sound proof room, and the new physics building.

The Technical course was in full swing during Education Week. There were three different operations in action on Wednesday, November 9. Down in Room B-9, the electrical lab, which is being made by our seniors, had a full set-up. There were several displays of mechanism which the boys are working on each day in their classes, with notes explaining them. In Room 316, a Chemical lab, there were also Technical men at work. They made set-ups for various experiments and ran off the actual experiment. Our draftsmen were also working on their individual projects in Rooms 308 and 102. Members of the course also volunteered to explain the displays to the visiting parents.



## MEET THE FACULTY

Have you ever gone by Room 110 and wondered who the pretty, dark-haired teacher was? Why, you know her! She's Miss Dorothy Rhoades, a P. H. S. graduate and an alumna of Smith College. While attending Smith College, she majored in Latin, French, German and Greek, and has both a bachelor of arts degree and a master's degree. Latin is the only subject she teaches at present. Miss Rhoades definitely enjoys teaching at P. H. S. and has no pet peeves. She believes in "just taking things as they come," or to quote her favorite Latin expression, "Alea acta est," (as the die is cast); that is, let the chips fall where they may. Her taste in music runs to both classical and popular, and her favorite pastime is collecting copper pieces. Miss Rhoades' collection includes some Swedish copper and Chinese copper, along with some copper coffee urns. "They really aren't too hard to clean," she exclaims. Often called the "Fashion Plate" of P. H. S., Miss Rhoades is the envy of many because of her simple hair styles and her charming taste in clothes. Quoting a senior's words, "Golly, is she Vougeie!"

## WHAT WE'D LIKE FOR CHRISTMAS

Dear Santa,

We all know how busy you are, but wouldn't you please stop here at P. H. S. We're hanging our stockings around the dome to make it easier for you. Please leave:

TOMMY LAWSON—A gun cabinet full of guns.

JEANETTE CIMINI—A new filing system in P. H. S.

JIMMY RANTI—A short sleeved shirt to show off his muscles.

JOYCE MOSCA—"I want Santa to be nice to me next year!"

BOB DIRE—Flea Powder for Howard Clark.

MRS. BEAHAN—Someone to cook my Christmas dinner.

JOYCE LUCAS—A "Mac"intosh Apple.

JOE LAVALLE—A "Fern" tree.

JEAN DRISCOLL—"Spring" time.

"BUDDY" SHERAN—A "Barb" wire fence.

"Terry" Cianflone—Salt water "Taffney".

DICK SHOOK—A female assistant to help me with my homework.

DELORES BERNARDO—A pair of "elevated" shoes!

DICK VALENTI—A scratch pad to list Senior Class ring complaints!

MARY CALLANAN—More time to get "caught up" in typing.

"ITCH" ARCHAMBEAULT—A joke book as good as Mr. Maloney's!

MISS MORSE—An Admiral Television Set, none other!

JIMMY RENZI—A scientist from R. P. I. to do my biology!

MR. MCGOVERN—"Heavenly Peace".

NANCY ROTH—A baseball bat and someone to show me how to play baseball!

JOHNNY PERRONE—A bottle of dye.

"WHITEY" HART—A football with snow-shoes!

BETSY HYNES—A vacation without homework!

RALPH CIANFLONE—A good mark in Physics!

MARCIA VIALE—Time to go to "Dixie".



## VOCATIONAL NEWS

It is good to see that the vocational department is represented again in the student elections. Jim Thompson has been elected president of the Student Council and Jim Mazzer is serving his second term as vice president of his class. We hope that more vocational students will take part in school activities.

The Welding Department has completed several steel tables and lockers for the Technical department. Work has begun on a large steel frame for a turkey yard at the City Infirmary. The size of the structure, 19 ft. by 11 ft., makes it necessary that the students work on the job outside the shop. More than 40 projects have been completed since the start of school for various departments in the school system as well as city departments.

The Machine Shop is being dressed up with a new coat of paint. The painting of the machines and floor is being done entirely by the students.

## THE NEW BAND UNIFORMS

The rag-a-muffin look has disappeared. On November 11th the new band uniforms were displayed for the first time. The band presented a striking appearance in the Armistice Day Parade as it came down North Street. Their purple jackets were decorated with looped epaulettes, gold buttons, and white Sam Browne belts. In contrast to the dark jackets were the white duck trousers with a purple stripe down each side. Purple officers' hats completed the attire.

Everyone appreciates the work of the Elks whose organization has performed a fine service for the high school and for Pittsfield by promoting a drive to buy these long-needed uniforms.

## GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club has been meeting regularly every Wednesday afternoon. At the present time they are working on their fourth song.

In the years past the rehearsals have been interrupted by the operetta, but this year the girls will have more time to rehearse and perfect their songs. If the girls keep up the good work, we can look forward to a very fine concert next May.

## WEDDING BELLS

Wedding bells rang recently for a popular member of the Pittsfield High School faculty. On Saturday, November nineteenth, Miss Eileen Murphy was married to Mr. John Reid, a teacher-coach at Central Junior High.

Miss Murphy has been in charge of the Retail Sales Class at P. H. S. Besides her regular teaching duties, she was at one time in charge of the cheerleaders. Faithful to P. H. S., Mrs. Reid has returned to finish the year.

Best wishes from the student body, Mrs. Reid.

## ASSEMBLIES

Mr. J. J. Lynch of Texas, who is a nationally known trick shot archer, spoke to the student body in the auditorium about archery on October 20. Mr. Lynch performed some of his unusual shots, such as firing an arrow at a balloon-covered target with bow over his head, behind his back, while leaning over almost to the floor, and even while sitting and pulling the bowstring with the bow itself clamped to his foot.

One of Mr. Lynch's specialties, which had all of the students oh-ing and ah-ing, was the trick of aiming two arrows at one time at two balloons about thirty-six inches apart on the target and hitting them every time.

## MOTION PICTURE CLUB

Every Friday at two-forty-five the members of the Motion Picture Club pile into Room 201. Some come early, a few come late, but they all show up for the meetings. A summary of the previous meeting is read. The pictures selected for discussion at the previous meeting are then considered. Volunteers who saw the pictures give a brief story of them. At the end of the year the pictures discussed at all the meetings are voted on to determine the one the members enjoyed the most.

All of the members liked the meeting of

November fourth because the picture discussed was Laurence Olivier's production of "Hamlet". Through the help of their adviser, Miss Hodges, a film strip which showed the most important events of the picture was shown. The majority of the members agreed that the production of "Hamlet" was very good.

At a previous meeting Martin Betters was chosen to take the office of secretary. For a number of times the members have been talking of getting pins to represent the Club. At the November fourth meeting it was agreed that pins would be bought and each member will receive one.

A PITTSFIELD HIGH FRESHMAN WAS LATE TO CLASS, AND IS NOW BEING "GRILLED" TO FIND OUT THE TRUE REASON FOR HIS DELAY.





## A TRIP TO MALDEN HIGH SCHOOL

By Richard Haskell, Eugene Vidoli,  
Paul Wagenknecht

Fellow students of Pittsfield High School, did you ever wonder how your high school compares with others in the state? We had an opportunity to visit the high school in Malden, Massachusetts, a city about the same size as Pittsfield, at the time of the De Molay Convention, October 14th.

Our tour, started on our own initiative, was short-lived. The principal realized we were strangers and invited us into the office. Of all the schools in Massachusetts, we picked one where the boys must wear suit coats or sweaters and neckties. After explaining that we were eager to see the school, we were given the services of two charming girls, who acted as guides and escorted us through the school.

Malden High has two separate buildings. We visited first what was once the old high school but which has been completely reconverted into a vocational school.

Our next stop was the new school, which adjoins the old. It was in this building that we kept losing one of our party. It seems that the girls of Malden High are very attractive. He wanted to wave to them all.

Many of the features of Malden High resemble ours, as their gymnasium and auditorium (although ours is much larger). They have, however, a meteorology classroom on the roof of the school, equipped with many instruments.

After our tour of the school was completed, we were brought to a classroom where we were interviewed for the school paper, "The Blue and the Gold," by three girls. (Seems like a nice place to go, fellows).

We thought Malden High was a very nice school, and we would like to visit there again, but we returned home feeling very satisfied with Pittsfield High.

## FACULTY NOTES

A new member of the faculty, teaching shop work to the boys in the Technical course, is Mr. Lewis M. Green. He also has two general shop classes at the high school. In the afternoons he teaches six classes at Pontoosuc and Tucker.

Mr. Green attended Hibbard, Dawes, and Plunkett Schools. After graduating from Pittsfield High School in 1938, he entered State Teachers College in North Adams, where he obtained his B.S. degree with honors in Industrial Arts in 1942. He taught in Adams for three years before he came to Pittsfield to teach industrial arts in the high school and the junior high.

Aside from his scholastic duties, Mr. Green successfully carries on the duties of chairman of leadership and training on the Executive Board of the Berkshire County Council of Boy Scouts of America.

## SNOW

By Barbara Clark, '50

What is it that looks so soft and plush?  
(But underneath is really slush?)

That covers the rink on the eve of the meet.  
And the poor snow-shovel can't seem to beat?

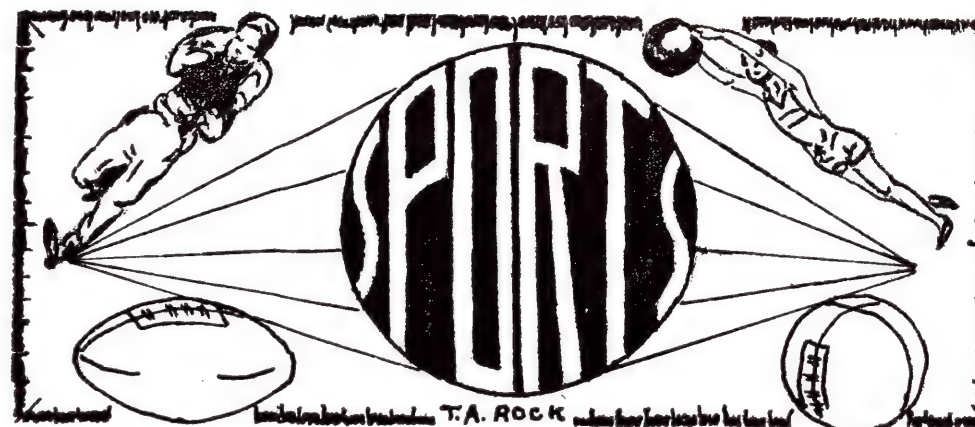
That scurries with winds to some other place,  
Mostly on your legs and face?

That looks so flaky and oh, so very small,  
Till it comes your way in a hard snow-ball?

That taunts the skier till he tries a turn,  
Then, oops! a spill, he'll never learn.

That blankets so evenly, the fences and  
trees,  
Woops a hole!!! Up to my knees?

"What is it," you say? Heck, you know:  
It's Mother Nature's Dutch Cleanser—the  
snow.



## CATHEDRAL EDGES OUT P. H. S. 19-13

By Art Johnson, 53

Nothing could erase Paul Brissette at Wahconah Park, October 21. P. H. S. had wiped out a twelve-point lead in the fourth quarter of a hectic battle. So Brissette threw a pass for 22 yards and a first down on the five. Two plays later he scored and put Cathedral ahead to stay. That TD ruined one of the best comebacks seen here in years. Pittsfield was outplayed for the first three periods but fought back and went ahead on John Perrone's touchdown and Carl Hamilton's conversion, only to be defeated in the last two minutes of the game.

Brissette sent his team ahead in the first period when he raced 44 yards around his right end to score. Ray Cadieux pegged to Joe Triggs, who caught the ball on the five and crossed the line standing up. Joe Miller returned a punt to the Cathedral 45. Three plays and a first down later Joe Zavattero made a sensational catch in the end zone of a pass by Tony Ferdyn. The try for point was wide. The tying score came after John Perrone carried the ball to the Cathedral four in two plays. Then he plunged through his own right guard for the tying score. Carl Hamilton split the uprights and Pittsfield went ahead. But not for long. Cathedral's passing attack went into action and four plays after the kick-off Brissette scored on a

plunge from the four-yard line. Triggs' conversion rush was good.

## P. H. S. HALTS RUTLAND 20-0

By Jim Cederstrom

Pittsfield High ended Rutland's dreams for an undefeated season on November 5 as they braved a snowstorm to completely outplay the Vermonters. The winners plugged their pass defense and permitted but six yards on two complete passes.

The first score came in the period when quarterback Tony Ferdyn pegged to right end Joe Zavattero in the end zone. The extra point also came on a pass. Ferdyn passed to Don Morehead for the conversion.

Midway in the second stanza "Brass" Ross intercepted a pass on his own 35-yard line and raced to "pay dirt". Carl Hamilton converted by placement and the scoreboard read 14-0.

After a scoreless third quarter, Pittsfield wasted no time in the final. Ferdyn passed to Capt. Perrone for a gain of 28 yards and on the next play Ross blasted through the middle for the final marker. Hamilton's kick was wide.

The Purple completed six out of thirteen passes for a gain of 63 yards and picked up 196 yards on the ground to Rutland's 109. Johnny Hart, Dick Comtois, and Joe Miller starred on defense.



## BERKSHIRE COUNTY CHAMPIONS 1949

First Row: Hamilton, Thompson, Avalle, Beauchaine, Ferdyn, Dennis, Mazzer, Perrone, Hart, Miller, Ross, Zavattaro, Morehead, Monteleone, Pytko, O'Boyle.  
 Second Row: Snook, Russell, Comtois, Smith, Conant, Root, Elworthy, Sottung, D. Morris, Henriques, Soutier, Filkins, Brown, Turner.  
 Third Row: Blais, Viani, D. Reid, Mayes, Senik, Bruno, Lincoln, Gilson, Wilde, F. Reid, Nugai.  
 Fourth Row: Perrault, Assistant Manager O'Donnell, Green, Palmieri, Cohen, Patrick, Kryzowski, Adornetto, E. Morris, Heidel, Nykorchuk, Assistant Manager Hould, Assistant Manager Putnam, Manager O'Neil.  
 Fifth Row: Kechnle, C. Kordana, Orzlek, Fiorini, Brennan, Garivaltis.  
 Sixth Row: Coach Fox, Coach Bianchi, Dr. Wood, Whalen, Rock, J. Kordana, Coach Hickey, Coach Kowalski.

## P. H. S. UP-ENDS DRURY 32-6

By Jay Reder

Pittsfield High's football squad had its eyes on the county championship Saturday October 15, as it subdued its rival from Northern Berkshire. Drury, in past years, has proven to be the stumbling block in Pittsfield's path to various gridiron honors.

The men of Coach Art Fox showed their desire to win this game as they amassed twenty-six points in the first twenty minutes of the contest. The first score came midway in the first period. After grounding a Drury punt on the 43-yard line, Pittsfield marched in 11 plays to score.

A thirty-four-yard pass, Tony Ferdyn to Don Morehead, set up the second score. This pass was good to the 28-yard line where John Perrone took over and ran for the touchdown.

Half-way through the second period, Tony Ferdyn again took to the air. He passed from his own twelve-yard line to Joe Miller on the Drury 48. Joe then scampered the rest of the way for Pittsfield's third score.

Seconds later, Joe Zavattero intercepted Dick Bushe's pass and ran 44 yards to the Drury 9. Ross bucked for five yards and big Jawn Perrone cracked for four more yards and a TD.

Drury's line bolstered in the second half but Pittsfield had one more touchdown in its system. Dick Ross intercepted a pass on the Pittsfield 22 and eight plays later he scored on a pass from Tony Ferdyn. Ferdyn's passing was superb throughout the contest. He hit on seven passes out of eleven attempts for 194 yards.

Drury's lone score came late in the final quarter as Jerry Delisle bucked over from the three, culminating a 69-yard drive against the Pittsfield third stringers.

Perrone led the Pittsfield backs in ground gaining. He gained 71 yards in 15 trips. Grant was Drury's leading gainer, averaging over four yards per carry.

## FOOTBALL REVIEW

By Jim Cederstrom and Jay Reder

The Pittsfield High School football team, although they lost three games, still had a successful season. By vanquishing the three Berkshire County foes the Purple gained their first County Championship since 1936. On the season P. H. S. scored 231 points against 118 for the opposition, an average of 26 to 13.

Captain Jawn Perrone led the scorers with 54 points fashioned from nine touchdowns. Close on his heels were right end Joe Zavattero with 49 and "Brass" Ross with 42. Zavattero scored eight touchdowns and one extra point while Ross hit "pay dirt" seven times. End Don Morehead scored 32 points on five TDs and two extra points. Fullback Joe Miller scored four times and Big Steve Pytko and freshman Charlie Garavaltis chipped in one tally apiece. Carl Hamilton kicked 18 out of 30 conversions for a percentage of .600. Quarterback Tony Ferdyn, although he did not break into the scoring column, was the outstanding player on the team. He ran the T formation splendidly and passed for 14 touchdowns, at least one in each game. Dick Ross and Dick Snook each chucked for one score. John "Whitey" Hart was a solid bulwark in the line and had no peers.

Following the St. Joe game Tony Nugai was elected captain of next year's squad.

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We are here today to shout and cheer for victory,  
 Come on, boys, raise our joys to the top,  
 Use some strength and don't forget it takes ability,  
 To make the grade with our aid never stop,  
 We've won before and surely we can win again,  
 Come on, team, show this crowd who we're for,  
 Get ahead, no light that's red can ever stop our gain,  
 Cause we're on the ball to score!



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First Row: Hamilton, Thompson, Avall, Beauchaine, Ferdyn, Dennis, Mazzer, Perrone, Hart, Miller, Ross, Zavattaro, Morehead, Monteleone, Pytko, O'Boyle.  
 Second Row: Snook, Russell, Comtois, Smith, Conant, Root, Elworthy, Sottung, D. Morris, Henriques, Soutier, Filkins, Brown, Turner.  
 Third Row: Blais, Viani, D. Reid, Mayes, Senik, Bruno, Lincoln, Gilson, Wilde, F. Reid, Nugai.  
 Fourth Row: Perrault, Assistant Manager O'Donnell, Green, Palmieri, Cohen, Patrick, Kryzowski, Adornetto, E. Morris, Heidel, Nykorchuk, Assistant Manager Hould, Assistant Manager Putnam, Manager O'Neil.  
 Fifth Row: Keenle, C. Kordana, Orzlek, Fiorini, Brennan, Garivaltis.  
 Sixth Row: Coach Fox, Coach Bianchi, Dr. Wood, Whalen, Rock, J. Kordana, Coach Hickey, Coach Kowalski.

## P. H. S. UPENDS DRURY 32-6

By Jay Reder

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 We've won before and surely we can win again,  
 Come on, team, show this crowd who we're for,  
 Get ahead, no light that's red can ever stop our gain,  
 Cause we're on the ball to score!



## P. H. S. TROUNCES CITY RIVAL 49-0

By Jay Reder and Jim Cederstrom

Records were smashed in many departments as Pittsfield High concluded its 1949 grid season on November 1 by shellacking St. Joseph's High 49-0. This victory annexed for Pittsfield its first county title in thirteen years and its fifth straight city championship. The score itself was of record breaking proportions, surpassing the previous record high, last year's 40-0 win by Pittsfield. Carl Hamilton, Pittsfield's co-manager and extra-point specialist, set a record by booting home seven consecutive conversions. Diminutive Donnie Anderson, St. Joe sophomore quarterback, inscribed his name in the record book by tossing thirty-six passes, an all time high for the city series. St. Joe, incidentally, has not scored in the last five city championship games.

Pittsfield scored moments after receiving the kick-off. Tony Ferdyn passed 30 yards to Don Morehead, who raced 22 yards to pay dirt.

Early in the second period, John Perrone's nine-yard end sweep culminated a 59-yard drive for the second TD.

Minutes later, Tony Ferdyn, working brilliantly from the "T", tossed 32 yards to Joe Zavattero in the end zone for the third score. This made the score at half-time 21-0.

Pittsfield scored twice in the third stanza. "Brass" Ross, playing his finest game of the year, romped 87 yards through the entire St. Joe team for a score.

Late in the period, quarterback Dick Snook hit Steve Pytko with a pass on the St. Joe 45 and big Steve pranced the rest of the way for the TD.

On the opening play of the fourth period, Joe Miller bucked five yards for Pittsfield's sixth tally.

Pittsfield's scoring juggernaut notched still another score late in the fourth period as freshman back Charlie Garivaltis galloped 18 yards down the sidelines for his first high school touchdown.

The "Purple" racked up a stupendous total of 503 yards from scrimmage, 314 on the ground and 189 in the air. St. Joe gained 43 yards on the ground and 194 by passing. Ross was Pittsfield's big gainer, picking up 156 yards in nine carries. Perrone made 86 yards in nine attempts.

## SCHOLARSHIPS (Continued from page 17)

teacher-counselors, all of whom have printed material regarding student financial assistance.

A word to the athletes. If you have better than average athletic ability, this is obviously of importance in obtaining a scholarship to college. However, don't be misled by the fact that the athletic department of the college would like to have you at that college. When scholarships are awarded, in most instances it is still necessary for the athlete to qualify at least as an average student and to have taken the proper courses in high school. An average student receives C's and B's.

It is interesting to note that more scholarships are awarded to high school graduates

than to preparatory school graduates so that, while competition is keen, you need not be afraid of it if you start doing your part today. "Today" means just that. Don't wait until you are a senior. Make sure that you start qualifying by keeping your marks up and participating in extra-curricular and extra-school activities.

It is impossible, of course, to list all the available scholarships for which Pittsfield High School students may compete. Hence, the list on page 17 is merely suggestive as to the amounts of money which may be awarded. Always bear in mind that some schools award the amounts which they feel are necessary for you to have, rather than a set amount for each scholarship.

## Girls' Sports



FIELD HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

Front Row: S. McCambridge, D. Nadeau, L. Gaudette, B. Duggan, L. Principe, M. Drake, J. Meagher  
Back Row: K. Keegan, M. Zofrea, J. Witter, C. Wagner

## WHAT HAPPENED????!!

This is the question that was asked of the seniors when they bowed to both the juniors and sophomores in field hockey. The only answer that could be given was that the juniors and sophs had better teams.

However, if more of the seniors would take an interest in sports, maybe this question wouldn't have to be asked. If Miss Morgan had at least ten more seniors like "Frenchie" Biron, So ("Red") Deminoff, Lucy Brower, Mary Coughlin, "Kay" Mierzajewski, "Smiley" Malumphy, captain of the field hockey team, and a few of the others, there would be no such word as defeat among them.

On the other hand, the juniors, who were captained by Barb Duggan, are just the opposite. They have plenty of "wim, wigor,

and witality." This is plainly shown by their record of four victories and no defeats.

Even the sophomores had an exceptionally good record for their first year. With Janet Gerlach as their captain, they won two games out of a possible four.

The record for the Field Hockey Tournament is as follows:

## Tournament Scores

Juniors 4	Seniors 0
Sophs 5	Seniors 1
Juniors 6	Sophs 2
Juniors 8	Seniors 0
Sophs 3	Seniors 1
Juniors 6	Sophs 3

The juniors, who were the winning team, will receive letters; the sophs and seniors, numerals.



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Joseph Fuhrman

Barbara Erickson

Merna Morgenstein

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Carol Selkowitz

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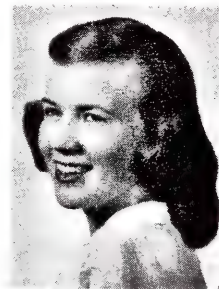
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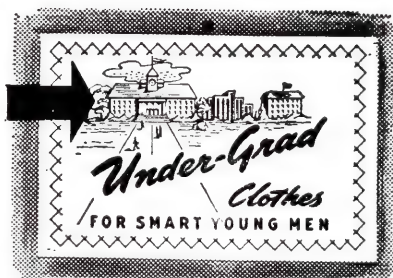
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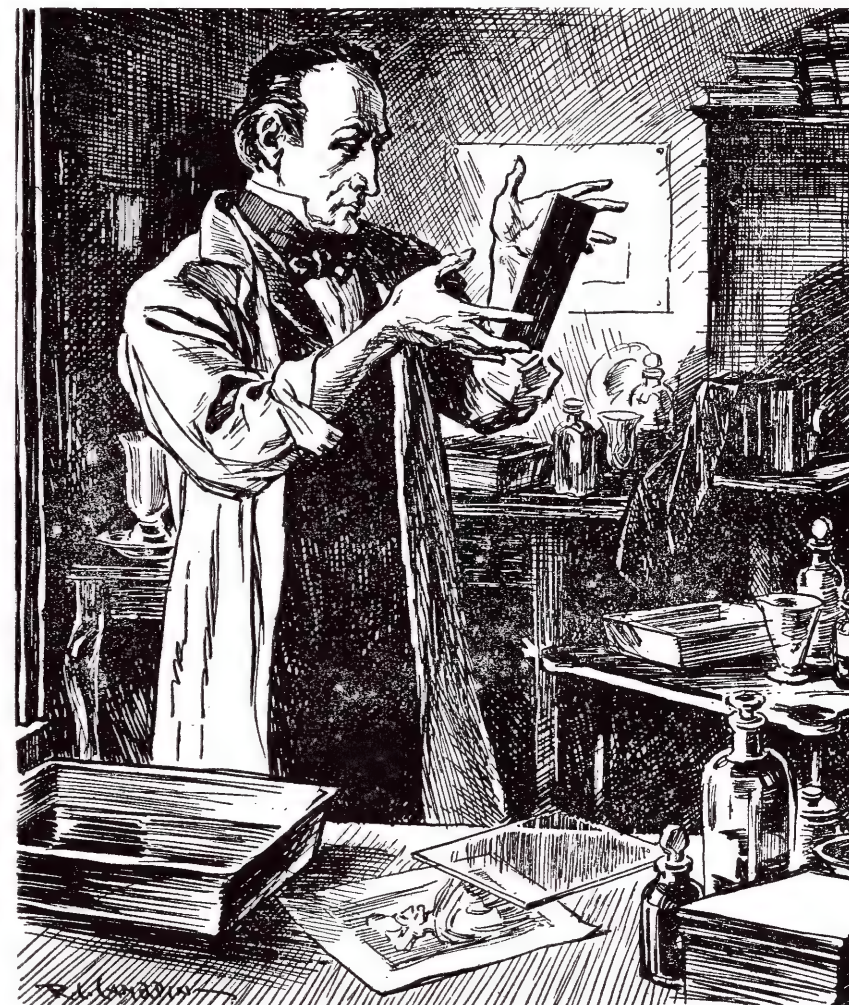
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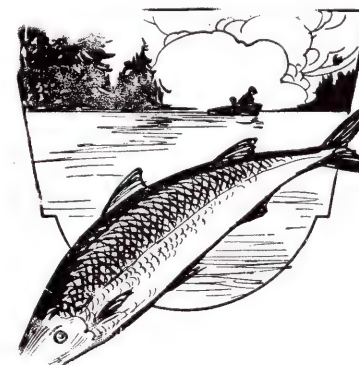
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820 Tyler Street at Woodlawn Ave.      Phone 5160

Open Monday through Saturday 7.30 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Sunday and Holidays 8:00 A. M. to 1:00 P. M. 5:00 P. M. to 8:00 P. M.

*Prescriptions Compounded Accurately and Promptly*

Trusses fitted by experienced operators. Consultation at any time but fitting done by appointment only—except in Emergency. A case may be simple or it may present time consuming difficulties. Either type merits the undivided attention of the fitter and the unhurried time of both the wearer and fitter. The truss should not cause its wearer appreciable discomfort which, if present, usually indicates faulty fitting or an unsuitable model. Such a condition should be promptly corrected as an incorrectly fitted truss may do more harm than good. For maximum protection a truss should be replaced within two years. Advice and adjustments are yours for the asking. We make no charge beyond the initial cost of the appliance which in single trusses regularly stocked ranges from \$3.50-\$10. and in double trusses from \$6.50-\$18. Replacement parts are at catalog prices and special design models according to manufacturers' quotations.

Other surgical appliances: Elastic-abdominal post operation, sacro-iliac-ptosis (fallen stomach), obesity and abhoric supporters. Elastic stockings, knee caps, anklets, writers, stretcher bandages (non-elastic), shoulder braces.

To alleviate the distresses and to contribute to the comfort and recovery of the unfortunate ill, we offer a large and complete stock of sickroom supplies—rubber sheeting (double coated), bed pans, invalid cushions, water bottles, heating pads, fountain syringes and combinations, ear and ulcer, infant, youth, and adult bulb, nasal and whirling spray syringes, clinical thermometers, throat and spinal ice-bags, urinals, sputum cups, rectal and colon tubes, etc. Nasal and throat atomizers, nebulizers, vaporizers, insufflators, electric inhalers, First Aid kits, sterile cotton, gauze bandages, adhesives, etc.

Baby foods, supplies, and accessories.

Pet foods and supplies for bird or animal: Sargent's, Ranger, Pulvex, Rex Hunters', Delcreo, etc.

Photography supplies—films, developing chemicals, contact and enlarging papers, cutting boards, projector bulbs, photo floods, movies, viewers, darkroom outfits, flash pans, etc.

Remington electric shavers, men's supplies, cosmetics—exclusive Morningside distributors of Old South, Aujois Devastating, Yardley of London, Anita of Paris, Almay.

Exclusive Morningside distributors of candy and confections, Gobelin, and Cynthia Sweets.

Exclusive Morningside distributors of Hood's Old Fashioned Ice Cream.

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# The Student's Pen

DECEMBER 1949